



# the BELL RINGER

Official Publication of

## MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

*"Tennessee's oldest prep school"*

Nashville, Tennessee

Headmaster—MR. FRANCIS E. CARTER

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JUD HAR

## The Spurned Torch?

As many of us prepare to face the challenge and turmoil of college, we are confronted with an overwhelming, new-found freedom. But shall we be actually free or merely slaves of circumstance? Jesus Christ has offered us a clue to the answer for each of us: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free."

Indeed, we say that truth is the basis for an informed democracy. And an uninformed democracy is merely a civilized mob. We are all well aware of the toffering position to which Cuba has degenerated as a result of suppression of reality and government control of the press. We tend to point with pride to the heritage Peter Zenger bequeathed us when he took his stand against state modification of the truth. Our present way of life, however, is not entirely blameless in its attitude toward the printed truth.

This wavering of the American public is due in part to our ideas on the nature of Ideals. We should learn not to gain fruitless power but to learn about life as it really is and to appreciate it as such. Under such circumstances, we seek truth in our studies, in our conversations, and in our publications.

Censorship is like a tangled chain which binds us to a log of prejudice tossing in the whitecaps of circumstance—we are relentlessly dragged to the bottom as the wood becomes saturated and sinks. We sometimes hear rationalization to the garbled effect that fact is deleted only because it is inappropriate. The light of truth is bright, but it can hurt the eyes only of those who live artificial, *papier-mâché* lives. If the truth seem stark, it is because we are ill-equipped to face life. We may never reach a complete realization of the indescribable splendor of the ideal, but even a glimpse of it will reveal our need for it.

## The Diplomat: His Vital Role

With the advent of nuclear weapons as the principle destructive force in any future war, the life of our nation and the very existence of the world itself has come to depend not only upon our military strength but also upon the diplomatic skill of our devoted men and women of the Foreign Service. In the minds of the diplomats of the Foreign Service, the homeland holds the pre-eminent position. The labors of this highly educated "first line of defense" are directed to protect and insure the interests and rights of their nation. A diplomat also aids the citizens of his country who are traveling abroad.

The tasks of the diplomat are difficult and, more often than not, unheralded. Even though, because of the improved means of communication, the diplomat does not possess so much authority as in previous years, his duties are much more complicated; and his services are demanded in more delicate situations. More pressure is constantly being laid upon him. His decisions are more critical now than ever in the past.

The age of the "two-faced" diplomat is passed. If the life and liberty of people everywhere is not to be destroyed, our representatives abroad, from the ambassador to the *chargé d'affaires*, must strive to prevent the powerful ententes of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They must strive to prevent hostile actions between nations. They must strive to establish and further peaceful relations among all countries. The time is too critical. Mistrust and suspicion may be too dearly paid for in human lives. As science advances, so must nations advance to universal co-operation through diplomacy. War must be indefinitely postponed.

## A Look At Success

*Webster's New World Dictionary* defines success as "a favorable outcome or result, or the gaining of wealth, fame, or rank." But in examining success more thoroughly, we find more involved in this definition implied success in the not shortlived feeling of victory after a hard-fought battle; gain or, after mastering a task, success is sometimes confused with this brief thrill of triumph, but such is not success in the true sense. Moreover, success is not gained by an appreciation of another's achievements: a person who enjoys the music of another has not succeeded for himself.

The gaining of wealth is not always accompanied by success, although it may be. Wealth is not a measure of success, but neither is it a hindrance. The success of a wealthy person is independent of his wealth. The same is true of fame and of rank; a person may be successful with or without these qualifications.

Success does not depend upon intelligence; a person of mediocre intelligence can fulfill his responsibilities as easily as a person of superior mentality. But success is not merely the fulfillment of one's possibilities; success is a state of mind—a realization of having done something well. Furthermore, whether or not a certain accomplishment is success to a person depends upon the person: to a modernistic painter, for instance, a *Mona Lisa* could be a failure. For this reason, the environment of a person has a profound effect on his image of success. Success is, therefore, an individual thing.

In its largest sense, success can be felt only by a person who has completed the living of most of his life. Although the thoughts of a person on his deathbed constitute a somewhat trite example, such a state would be the best method of measuring success. To succeed in life, it is not necessary to satisfy anyone else: the worst critic a person has is himself. If one can honestly satisfy himself that he has been a success, then he is one; if one is not honest with himself, he is not only a failure, but also a fool.

The dictionary definition for success is incomplete. Success is an individual thing—the idea of the individual must enter into a complete definition for this most important word.

## Faculty Members Attend Conference

The Mid-South Independent School Association held a series of meetings in Chattanooga the past month. Mrs. Lowry, Mr. Meriwether, and Mr. Carter represented Montgomery Bell Academy at these conferences on English, science, and college admission, respectively. These meetings offer a fine opportunity for the teachers to share mutual problems and experiences in their various fields.

The English conference at McCallie included such aspects of English as, "How to teach the novel" and "How to develop a better vocabulary."

The science meeting at the Read House elected Mr. Meriwether second vice-president of their group. They recommended an an-

nual science conference, closer working arrangements between schools of the association, and more liaison between the administration of the school and the science department.

The administrator's group had Dr. Thompson, Dean of Tennessee, speak on American College Testing, a new type of testing program adopted by the many colleges. Carter, the Mid-South representative of the College Entrance Examination Board, explained some new innovations in their testing program. One of these is that beginning next year a composition will be a required part of the achievement examinations in English.

Mr. Carter, as retiring president of the Mid-South History Association, presented his report. This organization had met at Sewannee in the fall.

Rick Carter

## Three Juniors Become

(Continued from page 2, col. 5)  
varsity baseball for two years. His junior year he ran on the much improved two-mile relay team in track and field, and Coach Steve Stevenson on MBA's first competitive wrestling team.

In organizations, David has been a member of the Hi-Y Club, Key Club, and Monogram Club as a junior and sang with the Glee Club as a sophomore. This year he has served on both The Bell Ringers and The Bell staffs and is a Bell Club member and the Student Council treasurer as treasurer of the Junior Class. For next year, he has been elected vice-president of the Key Club and vice-president of the Hi-Y Club.

David belongs to Calvary Methodist Church; it is his church's MYF, he is Faith Program Chairman this year and will be a member of the youth council next year. He is an Eagle Scout, David is an Eagle Scout and a member of the Order of the Arrow. He is a member of the Alpha Chi Fraternity and has been elected sergeant-at-arms for next year. David is a very deserving recipient of this high honor and Tomotomi welcomes a member of such high achievement.

Tommy Worrall was honored by Tomotomi for his endeavors in athletics, scholarship, student government, and organizations and for his achievements in these fields.

In student government, Tommy has shown his leadership as a vice-president of both his freshman and sophomore classes. As a freshman, he received the Donald Ross Award for the Outstanding Freshman.

In the school's organizations, Tommy has been a member of the Monogram Club for three years, of the Math Club for two years, serving as president in his junior year, of the Hi-Y Club, and of the Key Club. He has been elected for his senior year. In merit of his scholastic record, he has served on the Senior Honor Society as a sophomore and a junior. He has been a member of The Bell Ringer staff for two years, this year serving as Assistant Sports Editor.

In athletics, Tommy has earned three varsity football letters and will help lead the team next year. As a freshman, he was a member of the Monarchs, who played freshman basketball and varsity basketball for one year each and ran track for his first two years here.

Tommy is a member of the Bell Ringers and is an active Boy Scout, having earned the Life Award. Among his other activities, he is a member of the Alpha Chi Fraternity.

Summing up the recognition of these three outstanding junior leaders, Tomotomi, The Bell Ringers, and the school would like to congratulate each one and to urge each to continue his endeavors.

Sam Glasgow

## MBA ORGANIZATIONS

(Continued from page 1, col. 4)  
standing organization next year will be Doug Ligon as president, David Walker as vice-president, Dick King as treasurer, and Tom Winkler as senior representative, and Joe Binkley as junior representative. During the year the club gave food and toys to a needy family, sold papers on Palm Sunday for the Shrine Junior League, and provided the frame for the Senior Class committee.

The Hi-Y Club is another of MBA's fine organizations. This year MBA's Hi-Y basketball team had an outstanding season. Also, the bill sent by our Hi-Y to the State Capitol, when the Hi-Y's of Tennessee took over the legislature, was the first passed. Heading the Hi-Y next year will be Allan Terry, president. Assisting Allan will be David Walker, vice-president; Tom Worrall, secretary-treasurer; and Rhodes Zimmerman, chaplain.

The Forensic Club is given the task of arranging the programs in assembly. Next year, the officers will be Allan Terry, president; Morgan Kousier, vice-president; Dee Metcalf, secretary-treasurer; and Allen McDaniel, program chairman.

Bill Ozier

## The Physics Prodigy

Recently Pete Carman won second place in the Physics Division of the State Middle School Science Fair sponsored jointly by the Nashville Banner and by Vanderbilt University. Pete's entry was an expensive, time-consuming, ionized-air loud speaker. Pete states that an electromagnetic force acts on ionized air instead of on an ordinary paper cone and that the source of the ionized air is a quiet, simple device. He considers this quite simple.

To give an idea of this curious scientist's interests, we report that Pete is now working on a magnetohydrodynamic generator that is activated by passing ionized gas, instead of coils of wire, through an electronic field to produce electricity. He repairs radios, phonographs, and television sets. The phonograph in his automobile is self-installed and completely battery-operated. As a freshman at Celina, Pete built a short-wave radio set which he frequently uses for receiving such distant capitals as Moscow. This summer Pete plans to employ his prize-winning speaker in a hi-fi set now under construction. His homemade intercom system was also rigged up by this experimenter.

Pete's interest in electronics was first aroused by his science teacher at Celina, who was a radio ham. Since then Pete's spare time has been devoted to applying different ideas and techniques in his workshop. His ambition is to discover how to produce an impenetrable force field possible to use in outer space. Knowing Pete we feel that the force field may be perfected anytime now. Pete will be the repairman at the Turntable this summer. Good luck to Pete and continued success in his amateur efforts!

Bandy Wenning

## THE FINISHING TOUCHES

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)  
and delicious roast beef dinner of "amazing potency" which was quickly imbibed by all of the vociferous class.

Upon the conclusion of a delicious ice cream dessert, the couples made an exit to an adjoining room where a combo, The Monarchs, was playing in an ebullient manner. The Monarchs, who have been performing in town, are another example of the generosity of the Ladies Auxiliary. Comments at the conclusion of the party indicated that without exception, everyone had a wonderful time.

The dance was highlighted at intermission by group-singing led by the Four Coaches. This intermission was followed by a pleasant time singing familiar songs and relaxing leisurely in the cool evening, actions which greatly relieved the tension of the hectic exam week.

As we, the Senior Class, go our separate ways in life, we shall always remember the enjoyable times that we have had together as a class club. We are therefore very indebted to the Ladies Auxiliary for this climactic event which will remind us in the future of our enjoyable high school life. —Jud Harwood

## Ladies' Auxiliary

The Ladies' Auxiliary has had a very busy year. This year's officers are Mrs. J. C. Dale, president; Mrs. John C. May, vice-president; Mrs. John C. May, vice-president; Mrs. J. R. Cheshire, recording secretary; and Mrs. Addison Scoville, treasurer. The purpose of this organization is to work with the faculty and headmaster to furnish those things not provided by the Board of Trustees. The auxiliary also serves as a promotional group.

Many of the improvements at MBA were made possible by the auxiliary. The Ladies' Auxiliary also sponsors one of MBA's big school events—the Sapphetti Supper. Mrs. D. L. Metcalf was chairman of this event.

The Ladies' Auxiliary has had a full year.

Bill Ozier

## Fathers' Club

On Tuesday, May 3, the annual Father and Son Banquet was held; Dr. McDaniel was the guest. This event was sponsored by the Fathers' Club of MBA. The organization is composed of the fathers of MBA students. The president this year was Mr. MacPheeters Glasgow; vice-president, Mr. J. T. Howell; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Orville Vaughn. Succeeding this year's officers will be Mr. John R. O'Neil, vice-president; and Mr. Williams Walker, secretary-treasurer. This year's class representatives were Mr. Frank Cherry, seniors; Mr. Vernon Worrall, Jr., juniors; Mr. James Mazach, sophomores; Mr. Clark Hutton, Jr., freshmen; Mr. Robert Chilton, eighth graders; Dr. Daniel Pickens, seventh graders.

For the first time the Fathers' Club aided a new sport to MBA—wrestling! The Fathers' Club gave seven hundred and fifty dollars toward equipment. Mr. C. H. Hutton, Jr. was appointed chairman of the wrestling committee. Furthermore, two thousand five hundred dollars were given for the ten thousand dollar bleachers, making the total given by the club five thousand dollars. The one thousand five-hundred-dollar deficit is expected to be paid next year. The members of the Fathers' Club also serve as gate attendants at the home football games.

It is easily seen, therefore, that the Fathers' Club is very beneficial to MBA.

Clark Hutton

## Music on the Hill

On Tuesday afternoon, May 10, the MBA Glee Club was privileged to present a program before the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Vine Street Christian Church. Under the capable direction of Mrs. Louis Nicholas, music teacher and mother of David Nicholas, a student here at MBA, the Glee Club presented numbers which included a medley of Broadway hits. The first selection was "The MBA Alma Mater," followed by "Sweet and Low." The Broadway selections were "It's a Grand Night for Singing," "You'll Never Walk Alone," and "Hallelujah." Also on Tuesday morning the Glee Club led the student body in learning the school alma mater. The Club has sung on several occasions before the MBA assembly and once at the Junior-Senior Speech Contest.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Lunsford M. Hollings, Jr., French II teacher, the French class performed on Monday, May 16, before the MBA Ladies' Auxiliary.

The program, a French minstrel show, was a command repeat performance of the assembly program given before Spring Vacation. Highlights of the show included a soft-shoe dance, Renault Daphne, and a French folk song—told, of course, en français. The class sang several selections, including: "Si Je Te Donne Mon Coeur" ("If I Give My Heart to You"), "Près de la Loire" (an imitation of "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River"), "Viola Un Chariot" (a modification of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"), and "Ida." The French II class has performed two unique assembly programs this year. Mrs. Hollings achieved tremendous success in both production and direction of the shows.

John Witherspoon  
Don Shriver

## SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)  
ment was noted.

In order to comply with state fire regulations, a new fire wall was built upstairs on the Ball Building. Also, a new fire escape was added to Mrs. Sims' room. In the science building, new radiators were installed. Also, a new back stairway was added to this building in the fall. In the last few weeks, a new electrical system was installed in school. Over the school year many improvements have been made in the physical plant, and many more are planned this summer. We give many thanks to Mr. Carter and the board of trustees for the improvements.

Allen McDaniel

**Festive Event Held**

On May 3, the Fathers' Club had its annual Father-Son Banquet. Mr. MacPhee, Mr. Glasgow, president, and introduces. To the right Mr. Glasgow announced the Four Coachmen, a group consisting of Allen Wallace, Chip Hutchison, Jud Harwood, and John Wagner, who sang a Latin American song followed by a Negro spiritual.

After the fine musical program, Mr. Orville Vaughn, the secretary-treasurer of the Fathers' Club, presented the annual report of the past year. Then Mr. Frank Cherry announced the following slate of new officers for the Fathers' Club: Mr. Joe Howell, Jr., president; Mr. John Oizer, vice-president; and Mr. William Walker, secretary-treasurer.

Immediately following the announcement of the new officers, Mr. Glasgow introduced Vice-Rector Emeritus Madison Sarratt of Vanderbilt University. Dr. Sarratt told the audience for what he feels people should strive in education and in life. After this most inspiring address, Mr. Glasgow adjourned the meeting.

Frank Cherry

**NORTON CAMPBELL**

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)  
pastor of a small church on Staten Island, New York. In the course of this summer, Mr. Campbell will do graduate work at Drew University in Madison, New Jersey.

Many MBA students, MBA faculty members, and friends of the Campbell family were present to hear the address. All were deeply impressed with not only the content, but also the delivery of Mr. Campbell's message.

Jimmy Pickel

**Senior Class News**

Let us now to Mecca, Paris, Havana, Denmark, Beowulf, A. E. Newman, Hamlet, Good, Bad, Macbeth, and Be Diddley—We are Fins!

With a bit of moisture in our eyes, a swelling in our breasts, a lump in our throat, we reminisce over fond memories of M.B.A.—our dear friends we will soon leave behind, our beloved teachers, the ivy-covered walls, ah . . . at last rid of this "petty pace!"

Nine months can work great changes on people—such is the case at M.B.A. We wish to point out a few of the detrimental effects inflicted upon our fellow seniors.

Edith Dowell began this year as a puny, emaciated "spider"—often ridiculed; ended the year (after futile pumping at the local health institute) as an experienced, puny, emaciated "spider," highly skilled in the art of catching elusive flies.

Lewis Dale began the year as a sweet, innocent young swain who was ignorant of all humanity; now he knows all about girls.

Allan Glenn began as a quiet, shy, reserved, unknown child; now rural, boisterous, and vulgar, he is a recognized coal miner and a wonderful woor of women.

Craig Neilson started the year as a hard-working, studious, stereotypical nerd; after exposure from Mrs. Blitz-krieg, he is a blubbering, self-made idiot.

Pete Moss began the year as an eager, well-behaved, observant Boy Scout; he is now an observant girl scout when her back is turned.

Doug Love began as a hygienic, well-behaved, perfect gentleman who loathed filth; his body is now requested by The International Council of World Peace to be cremated in an effort to abolish germ warfare.

Wilson Prueher, who began the year as a complete dunce, intellectually, has progressed to the point where he can effectively communicate with the monosyllable-speaking inhabitants of the bald ridges.

Bobby Frist began as a society-shunning, music-hating clod; he is now regarded as top rival to Jimmy Reed.

Jud Harwood, Chip Hutchison, Allen Wallace began the year as three typical, unknown, ebullient youths; they ended as ridiculous members of a ludicrous group

(Continued on page 5, col. 5)

# THE NEW ORDER

Finally, the year ends. "The New Order" here appears for the last time of the season. The themes presented for this edition are narratives; we consider them worthy of the reader's attention. We again stress that the cynicism expressed in many of these works is not the general trend within the academy. Rather, any bitterness expressed within this feature is directly associated with the topics discussed. The New Order seems inclined to weed out all odious elements before it begins to build.

We are again much in the debt of the English Department of MBA.

**Valedictorian Address**

Mr. Carter, Members of the Faculty, Parents, and Friends of Montgomery Bell Academy:

We have looked forward eagerly to this day of graduation as marking one of several great milestones in our lives. However, as we look back upon our work and think of our many friendly associations here, thoughts of regret rise and steal away something of the pleasure of the day. Now, we can experience only in memory the frantic cramming for exams, the joyous feelings of being one of the many clubs; the enthusiasm found in the pep rallies; the long, hot days of football practice; and the keen anticipation of spring vacation.

Rolin Lasserter, a former student of the Academy, expressed poetically the permanence and value of these nostalgic memories in the following poem:

'What were these years that they have flown so fast?  
They will return to burn like sparkling wines  
That fill the heart with yearnings for the past  
As we look back.  
We have been one in spirit in all things;  
And this, perhaps, is what most counts in life—  
To know the pleasure that agreement brings,  
And what a group can do if it lacks strife."

Furthermore, we cannot take leave of these familiar walls without acknowledging another thought—a feeling of gratitude that we owe to our school, to our teachers, for their fostering care. We have not been exposed to life directly enough to appreciate completely the value of the intelligent and moral guidance that our teachers have given us. As parents, we have now realized that we are the wiser and the better after this training. Therefore, we do indeed feel indebted to Montgomery Bell Academy for the excellent preparation which will enable us to win success in college and in our future careers; more specifically to our teachers, who have made tangible the qualities of wisdom, integrity, consideration, and responsibility; and certainly to the Board of Trustees for its constant interest in the welfare of the school. Finally, we are sincerely appreciative to our parents. They, too, by sacrifices, by loving guidance, by encouragement, have helped make this day possible.

And now, fellow students, we, the members of the Class of 1960, will soon separate, never again to be united in the classroom. My wish is that prosperity and the happiness of a useful life await each of you as well as those who have contributed so much to this important period of our development. In parting, then, may we say farewell to Montgomery Bell Academy, knowing in our hearts that we will return again and again to pay tribute to the inspiring ideals for which it stands.

—Dick Barry

**Salutatorian Address**

Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you to the 1960 commencement exercises of Montgomery Bell Academy; and we appreciate the thoughtfulness and interest which have brought you here.

This spring, in the graduation exercises of each of the 30,000 high schools in the United States, there will hold into the future in behalf of his class. And the picture of that future is a challenging one—each second the world's population will increase by two; in a few hundred years, each square yard of the earth's surface will hold a human being; and the earth's population will weigh more than does the earth; but the world's food supply is increasing only one-ninth as fast as is the population; within one hundred years, the earth's supply of minerals will be virtually gone; the earth's atmosphere is filling with undesirable gases; there is conflict in Korea, in South Africa, in Germany, in Cuba; in our country there are difficult problems to face; and always on the horizon is the dreaded threat of a nuclear war which would plunge us into oblivion.

For this, the grim picture, can cause doubt as to the very survival of mankind. But the MBA seniors of 1960 are not afraid of the prospects of the future; we will meet her squarely, no matter what she will present to us. There will be no turning and no retreat; for MBA has given us the ability to find solid answers to the many questions we will face. MBA has given us a foundation. And we have faith in our own courage and ability to solve the problems which hang over our generation. Just as we have met the challenge of MBA, we will meet the challenge of the future—and we will succeed.

Paul Simpson

**Unheeded**

"There!" pointing with his wretched finger. "There they are, swarming—the buzzards, the killers. No! Way over there! Way over the sand! Don't you see 'em? Hey wait . . .!" Finally in hatred so intense that his voice pitched and wobbled, "They'll get you like the others," and under his breath, "You fools!"

Silent and slender the young man left, mocked and beset by the frantic old man, moved by the old man's feelings and appearance.

"With all the world against me, the old man will babble anyway," he thought.

The young man felt annoyed at his own discourtesy. "But who could have faced and listened to this man without swooning from suffocation or instinctively slapping his wild babbling mouth?" Who would have lingered to listen to the old man's insanity?"

With each step that the younger man took in withdrawing, the old man followed closer and closer until the younger man turned and from the age-maimed recluse, catching only a few words of his threats and wild gesticulations. The young man then tried to breathe deeply in the crystalline heat; his eyes were still smarting from the old man's breath and from the stench of his rank and wizened flesh; the terrible unbearable stench which the old man had taken no pains to remove. Seemingly, the old man liked to taunt those that happened along the desert route and to offend them with the inhuman odor of which he reeked. He apparently found a pleasure in watching people squirm from his long-drawn directions.

At any rate, the young man was irked at himself and at the old man, and he spat viciously to rid himself of the smell and the thought of this incident forever. Yet, he could not forget the mysterious native, as he climbed into his dusty Buick next to his wife and checked his kids, who were enthralled in the traveling games that their father

had picked up. Indeed, the old man was still pointing as the Buick jiggled away, shrieking in the noon-day dust his final warning to the unheeded. Roused from their games, the children on the back seat rose in time to wave back to the old man; and they watched the strange figure until there was too much dust and distance between them. Other than the buzzards, very few understood that the old man's place was the last along this route that led into the desert—smooth, unshaded, blazing—a desert of sand and bones.

Sam Glasgow

**In the Interest of Science**

It was a brisk April day at Brookridge College; nearly everyone was affected by the vigor of the weather. Only a few scattered persons—one or two in the nearby pub, several in the laboratories, and one hurrying across the outskirts of the miniature town—failed to take notice.

The hastening pedestrian was Mark Tyler, professor of organic chemistry. Just as he was about to enter his laboratory at the college less than two years before, he had been given a tempting research offer. But Mark had had another idea. It was not to teach; in fact, he had really accepted a teaching position at this little-known school only in order to gain time for his obsession, research on the synthesis of complex molecules.

As he scurried onto the rundown campus, a wooden framework on the side of a building caught his eye. Carpenters were laboring steadily on repairs for the ancient dormitories. A flash of almost cynical pity shot through him. These men . . . Do they have any real goal in life? To earn a few pennies and make a living? To be rotten in a few years? It must be a hellish existence not to accomplish anything of lasting value in one's time." And he tramped on.

About midway on his journey, he caught sight of the theology building. His thoughts turned hard and scornful. "Damned escapists!"

It's not enough for them to evade life themselves; they indoctrinate others to join their sanctimonious hypocrisy. To force their troubles on free-thinkers, they try to shut down places of entertainment. And they use their rituals as opiate to get along without the night spots!" Mark stepped up his pace. His thoughts began to run wild. The man who had been led to the way of the unheeded, to be seen dead or alive, first periods but Mark's students could forget about even the smallest all their professor cared. The discovery had finally been made and recognized. Mark had synthesized anthracoil, a little-used and expensive organic substance, for the first time. The world would honor him with Volta and Dalton for his achievement. His neglect of his classes had paid off. The end had justified the means. He bounded up the steps and rounded a corner to be the messenger of this long-awaited piece of news.

A young man, tall and dapper, addressed him. "Mr. Tyler? Where may we discuss the proposition which my firm is offering you?" Mark nervously led the way to his small office. "In here, sir."

The younger began, "It is unfortunate that you didn't make your discovery earlier. As you may know, anthracoil has been replaced by cheaper substitutes for most of its original uses. Even though synthetic anthracoil is less expensive, the cost of changing the assembly machinery is prohibitive. But there is one use of the substance for which a substitute has never been found. You won't get much publicity, but the demand is high."

Mark was as tens and as rigid as a ring stand in his laboratory. Trying to control his excitement, he queried, "I can see that in the interests of science and humanity, my role might be played down. Exactly what would you like me to do?"

The representative laughed. "I'm afraid you've got us wrong, Mr. Tyler. It's not quite for the good of science or humanity. It was just by accident that we found that anthracoil could serve as a low-grade heroin for the Atlantic coast pushers."

Bobby Wood

**A Cold Hand and a Warm Heart**

The moment the car stopped, Chip leaped out and shouted across the patio, "Hey, Jud, guess what happened last night?"

"What? Has she told you now?" I drawled.

"Oh, no; Will had a wreck last night, and he's in pretty bad shape!" I was a good sport; I had been a small child. This seventy-year-old for Mrs. Hutchinson since she was a small child. This seventy-year-old man who was more versed in the ways of teen-agers than they themselves was a friend and companion of every young visitor to the Hutchinson household. Indeed, I, along with many others, had spent many enjoyable hours in listening to Will relate his childhood days and construct fantastic tales. Naturally, every one was very upset upon hearing of his misfortune.

As the weeks passed, we learned that our friend was not recovering as a hard-working, good-natured man began to wonder why. Upon investigation, we learned that he was only colorless in his ward, the white men. This was a bad situation! Will was a proud man, and men's tongues are often careless. Such was the case here. Although he was not openly derided, he certainly did not have the prestige or the friends that were vital to his inner mechanism. He consequently felt much as a captive Greek must have felt in a barbarian tribe.

In addition, we discovered that he was also hurt by his supposed friends' apparent unconcern for his well-being. Being impetuous and often inconsiderate youth, we had never expressed our gratitude for such a friend; and Will felt as if his efforts had been unappreciated. Furthermore, through procrastination, we had failed to visit him, and this oversight to one simple act had added greatly to his dejected state.

With nothing to do, he lay in his bed, day after day, and began to consider his position in the world and to form erroneous ideas about the necessity of his existing. The more he thought about these things, the more unnecessary and unwanted he felt. He developed a self-pitying complex which, like the unwanted day in Shelly's "To Night" that became longer and more uncomfortable as it lingered, grew to such proportions that he became a miserable wreck. Because of his state, he did not seem to have the strength necessary to recover, a fact which greatly concerned everyone who had him in their care.

Upon hearing of his slow progress, we realized the part we had in restarting his recovery and decided to visit him the following Sunday. When that day arrived, our quartet, accompanied by many friends, with the promise that we would not stay long, bailed our way past the nurses who stared dubiously at our guitar.

When we burst into the room, we quickly located Will and greeted him profusely in an ebullient manner. Then we watched while he broke into the first smile that he had had in his long stay in the ward.

We then left Will while we went in search of an audience; and upon returning, we encountered Will going from bed to bed, telling each patient very quietly that we were his "chilluns" whom he had practically raised. Although he pretended not to notice, in our scurrying around we saw a man who had become as happy and as proud as was possible for a man to be.

Will lay quietly while we sang a few songs and talked a little; however, when we stood to go, he shook each hand firmly in turn. When he got to Chip, he said in his usual unsentimental manner, but with a tone of seriousness: "Here's a man with a cold hand and a warm heart."

Two weeks later, I telephoned Chip; and a familiar brisk voice replied: "Sure, Judge, he's around here somer's; let me go and russel him up!"

—Jud Harwood

### The Ingrate

Several weeks ago I met a man who was on a passenger ship when it sank in the North Atlantic. The boilers had exploded; and when the ship began its downward plunge, my friend found himself thrashing about in the icy waters. Down he went into the murky depths; but soon he came up again, gasping for the precious air. He knew that it would be only a matter of time until he could tread water no longer and would sink into oblivion.

He however, soon noticed a wooden spar drifting about forty feet away. He struck out for it; and after what seemed hours, he reached it. He clung to it; and God flowed from his lips with each breath. The chilling wind, nevertheless, in some boats, to hold his frame; and he was again about to give up hope.

Suddenly a lifeboat full of survivors began to pull his way. Within a few minutes he was safely aboard. His soul was, a second time, filled with joy and gratitude.

The boat drifted for several hours; finally in the rays of the setting sun, its occupants sighted the gray lines of an approaching freighter. How my friend was relieved to see the ship! When he was safely on deck, he broke into profuse thanksgiving. He was as weary and chilled as ever; he could only find a place to lie down. He was given a small pallet far back in the crowded steerage with the women and crying children. But after an hour or two of hearing the wailing babies, he begged a petty officer for a bunk in a cabin. His plea was granted, and when he was snug in the bed, he thought, "This is Heaven indeed; I could never ask for more!"

He slept soundly during the night; but upon waking the next morning, he felt less humble, less full of his earlier sense of appreciation. In fact, he felt somewhat fretful. He soon then asked a passing steward if there was a cabin available on an upper deck. The steward replied that every berth was occupied except possibly one berth in the captain's cabin. And so my friend wrote a letter to the captain, a part of which I shall reproduce.

"Dear Sir:

This cabin is poorly ventilated, small, uncomfortable, and noisy, since I am next to the engine room. I understand that you have a vacant bunk in your cabin. Please send word that you will allow me to occupy this cabin with you.

Your sincere friend,

No answer came from the captain.

Mike Pemberton

### Fear

July 7:

I was sitting in the front seat to get the full effect; but I was "chicken"; I couldn't look ahead. What's wrong with me? I want to conquer fear, but I'm not trying. I'm being carried along by it. My eyes were stuck on the track. Nothing was in my sight but the rails. I stared at them hard until it felt like we were still and the rails were being sucked underneath us. There was no feeling of up or down on the track. I was afraid of the rails. I was afraid of the rails. The rails were shooting by underneath. They were squirming and wiggling from left to right, up and down, like the way a telephone wire looks when you stare at it out of a fast-moving auto. We were tilting down now; and all of a sudden, the rails whipped up in front of my face like a bull whip; and we were tilting up now, and I knew I had passed the part I hate most. Then I was speaking to Jenny; but she wasn't beside me because she was with me Friday; and today was Saturday; and, besides, she wouldn't do this again for anything.

July 8:

We were sitting on a bench by the Fun House. Clinging to my hand and trembling, Jenny was saying that that ride was the worst thing that had ever happened to her and that she would never do it again (she was always fearing death).

"Do you remember the accident they had on that thing four years ago? Remember the people all torn up and everything?"

Yeah! There was no forgetting. The papers made such a stink about it. Maybe she had a right to be afraid. But, then, people are afraid of heights, and heights are dangerous to Jenny and me to drive out here than to ride on that thing. I was afraid; but I knew there was no justification for my fear, so I had to ride it again and again so as not to be afraid anymore of something I knew couldn't hurt me.

July 9:

"Don't you think six times is enough, Buddy? C'mon; get out of that seat." But the ticket man can yell and glare all he wants because I've got money and I'm staying on and going again. Kids were all in last year's accident, and I know all the facts of this thing which was making me envy them because I didn't want to fear it either. Nobody was coming to sit by me; so I was still alone on the very front seat. We started off with a jump; I was ready this time; I was never going to be scared again.

We were going up real high, and I could see the Fun House, and the airplanes, and the Ferris wheel. All the kids were shouting, and some were getting out of their seats to touch the "Stay Seated" sign above the track as we went by. We were going level now, but the right rail was wiggling and the left rail was straight. My heart and my stomach was all gone; and I couldn't. I couldn't bear it so I lowered my head until again we were just tilting and tipping and the rails were running by underneath. Then I knew I was the world's biggest "chicken," the world's biggest. So I just watched the rails wiggle left and right, up and down. Then, suddenly, part of the right rail was wiggling one way and part the other way; and I knew there wasn't going to be a whole rail running under the car; and, for a few seconds, I was looking at the face of God.

July 10:

A man was standing by me looking into my face and shining a bright light into my eyes. All the light and all the people around me were stark white; and the light smelled of alcohol and told me where I was. Jenny, too, was standing by me, looking all tired and worried. She was holding my hand and crying tears that fell on my face and made it itch. I tried to brush them off, but my arms wouldn't move; then I was asking her to do it, but she couldn't hear me because nothing came out. Now she was talking to me, but I couldn't hear her. I was crying and she was crying, but she didn't know what was seeing her eyes and seeing her soul and knew that she knew the reason I had feared; and she was telling me with her eyes that fear was my soul's warning to my mind, a warning I never would heed.

N.B. All drawn-out sentences, vague references, and colloquial tones are recognized and intended. I have written in this manner, for I am attempting to create a style of stream-of-consciousness.

—Craig Nielson

### "The Best-Laid Plans . . ."

The theft was elaborately conceived. For a week, Jerry, Clifford, Curt, and I had done nothing but scheme the ravage of the pea train, for, you see, each Friday evening four or five tractors, each pulling several wagons laden with fresh green peas for the cannery, would tow the week's yield into town. On Monday the idea was hatched by Curt. He sold us all the aid of Clifford and Jerry, knowing that they could be receptive to the idea. Late Monday afternoon, the accomplices contacted me; one reason was that they made a fourth person; a second was that I had the fastest bicycle in town.

On Tuesday we rode out the highway to search for the most advantageous spot for the hold-up. Preferably the ideal location would have an easily accessible getaway route; but, alas, we could find no such place. As a result of this impasse, we spent Tuesday afternoon and all day Wednesday in digging a cache for the stolen loot. After a long day's labor, we ate dinner and began to plan the actual details of the theft. Our first and best laid plan was Curt's candle-lit cellar. Deliberating long, we decided that the best plan was for four of us to hasten to heavy as many armloads of peas as possible from the last wagon. This plan being agreeable to all of us, we drew straws to determine the seeming accident victim. I drew the short straw. At that time, I realized this plan would be unacceptable and that I would have to form a superior one. Suddenly we heard a strange voice. The experts tingled—but this was merely Curt's mother informing us that it was almost time for us to leave.

By Thursday morning I had formulated the plan that Jerry and I would double Curt and Clifford alongside the last wagon, and they would throw off all the peas that they could before the wagons reached a certain point. Then the boys had to leap from the wagon, and we could retrieve all the peas and conceal them until a later date. I thought that by this means perhaps it would not be necessary to disturb the drivers. This new plan was accepted by all, and we had several more rehearsals in Jerry's back yard.

Friday! My nerves were on edge. I even spied some Cheevers at breakfast. Would my bicycle break down? Would someone "whack" out? Worst of all, would we get caught? For lack of anything better to do, we whiled away the time by getting our bicycles into perfect condition. Then after our peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich noon repast, we went for a swim in order to relax. About four o'clock, we strolled home with the understanding that we would meet at the appointed location at five p.m.

At that said time, we congregated near the cache, well hidden in the woods behind Jerry's. About 5:15 p.m. we detected the boom-chug, boom-chug, boom-chug of a big John Deere tractor moving road in high gear. We grew tense. Would that last wagon never come? Finally, it rolled past our eyes, and we mounted our trusty steel-and-rubber steeds. Pedalling furiously, Jerry and I overtook the wagons and deposited Curt and Clifford. I eased up a bit and coolly cast a glance over my shoulder. It was a policeman—I did not yet know the term "cop." I bellowed at Jerry; and he, quicker-witted than I, pedalled his bike and headed for the woods. Then disaster! My bicycle chain had broken with a bang, and I went sprawling in the road. I cursed a soft, "Confound it!" The policeman stopped me wordlessly in the car while I obeyed his every gesture with "fear and trembling." During the ominous drive into town, I thought dejectedly, "They can't send a nine-year-old to prison, can they?"

The taciturn officer took me to my grandfather's home, where I was most solemnly received by the whole household. The awesome misdeed was related by the officer while I gazed abjectly at some strangely conspicuous insect. I was then left alone to face the wrath of my mother. She had been shrieking so badly that instead of spanking me, she chastised me severely and snarled whatever few privileges I might have had. Although I was assuredly dismayed at the time, I am certain that this complete vexation of my criminal premies had led me away from a flagrant life of crime.

Wilson Prueher

### A Clean Conscience

The long-awaited bell ending another day of school finally rang; and, for the following few minutes, the corridors of Westmont High were jammed with students making their way to the main exit. Once outside the building, the crowd separated as small groups went to their different destinations. Most of the kids were heading for the corner drugstore, but not Bill Daves. Bill, the captain of Westmont's championship football team and a sure bet to be elected "Most Popular" at the end of his senior year, was going to visit the girl who had recently moved into the neighborhood.

Bill climbed into his new blue convertible, an early graduation present from his parents, as nonchalantly as possible; he started the motor and drove out of the parking lot. Turning up Maplewood Drive, Bill pressed the accelerator slowly to the floor and was noticeably pleased when he felt the surge of power under him as he zoomed past the peaceful rows of houses in this quiet section of town. Suddenly, as a bolt of lightning, something darted in front of the car. Twisting the steering wheel violently and mashing the brake pedal to the floor, Bill screeched to a halt. "It's a dog!" he barked. "It's a dog!" the fender told him that his efforts were in vain. Bill gritted his teeth and stared at the rear-view mirror and saw a small, cinnamon puppy lying motionless on the pavement; then, a little girl, sobbing and calling her pet's name, rushed to the side of the lifeless form. The sight was a sad one, and Bill ached inside as he started to return to the scene of the accident. But then he remembered the new girl down the street and decided to forget about the little girl and her puppy and to get on his way. After all, what could he do now?

Bill stopped. He thought about the accident. How would he feel if his own collie were killed by some careless driver who never returned?

Bill detested the idea and hated himself for his thoughtlessness. Finally, able to stand this mental torture no longer, he returned to the little girl's house and confessed his deed to the youngster's parents. The girl's mother and father were very understanding and refused any payment for the dead pet. Bill returned home, but he knew that he would have to make some kind of amends for his carelessness. Early the next morning, Bill visited several pet shops in town until he found a small brown puppy almost identical with the one he had killed.

The coming weekend would be Easter, and Bill had planned to spend his money on some flowers for the new girl down the street; now he would have to make a choice. Purchasing the puppy, Bill delivered it immediately to the little girl. Just to see the child smile was solace; and at last, Bill was at peace with himself.

To drive his automobile at such speed in a residential area had been very foolish of Bill; but we are all capable, at one time or another, of foolishness. At such times, we can be grateful for our consciences.

Bill Daves had learned the importance of John Calvin's statement: "The torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul."

Tony Scoville

### SENIOR NEWS

(Continued from page 4, col. 1) known as the Four Cockroaches, which they insist has become a by-word in our society.

*Junior News Writers* began as loving praisers of all mankind, writing bits of poetry about their beloved country. But, in the end, after nine months of hearing at ugly faces and feeling inferior, have resorted to writing cruel, slanderous, slashing, murderous bits of calumny and loving no one.

We of the Senior Class leave the the M.B.A. (after a year of complete dissatisfaction) to an arousing group known as the Junior Class—if they can hold it from the seventh grade.

Flash! The final calculations are in the *Crude La Cross Superlatives*.

Most Like a Greek God—Big

Duddy Pemberton

Most Throughout and Sharpest

Dresser—Love

Coolest—Mr. Rogers

Hairest—Milton Smith

Gawklest—Goon

Best Girl Friend—Hooty Grossman

Biggest Beast—Mrs. Lowry

Most Evidently Snowed—Joe

Time's Howell

Biggest Belly—Santa Claus

Most Respectful to Teachers—

Thompson

Best Driver—Miss

Most Likely to be Harlem

Globe-trotter—Joe Roberts

Most Energetic—Jud Harwood

Most Clever Reader—Nelson

Most Underprivileged—Jimmy

Pickel

Most Mono-syllabic—Chip

Hutchison

Most Humble—Pruher

Most Best and Generally Most

Casual—Glenda

She has been much amazement, comparing the speed one Alex Porter, M.B.A., can sprint at distances of less than 100 yards. We see no reason for this wonder. He has flashed everywhere else, why not across the finish-line?

F.B.I. forms Florida dragnet to capture wily thieves who snatched priceless Venus de Milo statue Daytona front yard. Antique finally fished out of motel swimming pool.

Gross Brute Quiridable Quotes:

Porter: "Buzz . . . buzz . . . buzz . . . aggg!"

Killebrew: "Aggg . . . uhhhh . . . aggg!"

Murray: "Man, I'm ready for a

giant . . ."

Roberts: "Anybody want a free

shark's tooth?"

Cherry: "Duh, what was that joke again?"

Howell: "Why, in all modesty, I consider myself one of the biggest snowmen . . ."

Daniel: "Kyyuk, Kyyuk, yuk

you . . ."

Gaines: "Don't you think my

legs are as big as The Rat?"

Mrs. Lowry: "In your spare

time" please read the grammar book, the literature book, *Hamlet*, *Mien Kampf*, and *Mad*.

"School's not so bad,

But summer's better;

It's not so bad, we have time to

see my girl."

As the war chariots of the seniors rumble in the distance, we bid you all fair maid and mentally decrepit a fond adieu!

Sons of Shakespeare

### Junior Class News

As the year draws to a close, the Junior Class eagerly anticipates the summer vacation, the warm weather, the days to be spent leisurely pondering the ensuing school year, at which time the juniors shall formally achieve semi-autocratic power of leadership, influence, respect and dignity, qualities which our class has long since carried out in lieu of the Senior Class of the present year. But looking back at this year, it has been a year filled with work, an abundant share of play, a great deal of nonchalance, and an even more abundant share of heckling. One example emerged the numerous times when Miss Mims led a discussion group. Mr. Rule said, "It goes without saying." Hendrickson said, "Please, not another black mark." Spook made forced landings, Kousser browned up Miss Mims, Beard told a joke, (Continued on page 8, col. 1)

**"Home Is the Hunter"**

Soldier Joe was going Home! Home! Home! Homesick and admitting it, Joe had thought of nothing else since he had boarded that troop ship from the Mississippi. He had been homesick. He savored the thought of the old Home, anchored on the outskirts of that sweaty little Southern town. Every shack, every hotel, every hut, every kiosk—every building of any kind in that baked land—had brought poignant memories of the old Home.

Moreover, Joe hadn't been eating and sleeping and fighting, and living and dying with soldiers for those long years. No, he had been existing with a platoon of fullgrown images of his three younger brothers. And that had been no dark-skinned, scimitar-wielding Indians behind that gutted wall; but that had been Joe's adopted Indian brothers.

Now gently prodding his slit chest, this worn old nurse, plump from much childbearing, was the echo of his beloved mother. His father looked down at him from the deep eyes of the gaunt and withered ship's doctor. And in the next bed, a dainty, fragile girl—how could she have stood that inferno?—flooded his mind with thoughts of his most dear twin sister.

All of the ones Joe loved so much! His family! And they were all together. They were all at Home. Their Home . . . it wasn't a rich man's plantation by any means; but it was their palace, their Heaven. And old and squat and lovable was their Home; and they loved it, and it loved them and held them and was them. And Joe was on his way.

Some little old town, he thought, as he scuffed his way out the dusty, gullied road. Same trees. Same stores. All the same. And then there it was! The Home. Joe wrung his army cap as he gave thanks that the years had worked no change. Three long years had served only to make the old Home more lovely. Bounding through the singing gate, Joe skipped up the steps with the still-loose board that they used to bounces on. He laughed that his dad still hadn't fixed the broken transom.

He stopped before the big door, relishing his family's surprise and their ecstasy. He hadn't written since he had gotten it. And he knew how his dad hated to write and that his mother and sister couldn't. Banging the door, Joe leaped aside, ready to spring out. He held his breath with glee. He let his breath out. He waited. Then he knocked again. The lock popped out of the door jam under his gentle shove. Joe grumbled that his folks were all out back and he had lost his chance for a surprise; but the familiar musty air hit him, and he inhaled a deep draught. He gazed rapturously on the crumbly wallpaper. Starting for the door, he wrote his note.

"To my dearest son Joe,

We ran into a little bit of hard luck with the cotton and all and was a bit pressed for funds and your dear, sweet, sacrificing sister got into a heap of trouble in town and so your maud died and your brothers and I have gone to . . ."

Joe looked up. Plaster was dandruffing his hot wool army suit. The white sun shut his eyes as he staggered out. His beloved bouncing board threw him to the clay. His face water mingled with the dust. "Damned Rotten House!"

Paul Simpson

**Mutual Shyness**

I sat forward in my seat, looking out the window of the battered station wagon. Farm houses and barns came into view and then faded into the distance as we sped along the curving road. Beyond the hills to the right, I could catch glimpses of the brilliant blue of the lake.

"That is Lake Holton," the colored man at the wheel was saying. "It is fourteen miles long; the camp is near the end of it. We ought to be there in about 10 minutes," he continued.

He had talked incessantly from the moment we left the train station, but I had heard very little of what he was saying. Now suddenly I caught his words, looked down at my perspiring hands which tightly gripped the counselor's instruction sheet, and felt almost panic-stricken. Only ten minutes! Too late to turn back now!

I had been looking forward to this summer for the past six months. Not every boy gets the chance to be a camp counselor when he is only seventeen. I was looking forward to being a junior counselor; but I could still ski and sail and ride every day. "Just like being paid for a perfect vacation," I thought.

Then school was out. In the five days that followed, I was too busy to think about anything except the fun I would be having. I got on the train at eight o'clock; and after a sleepless night, I was in Virginia. Now I was in the camp car; within minutes we would be on camp grounds.

"This must be a dream," I thought. "Last night I was at home; now I am three hundred miles away." What confusion I remembered then! I asked another about the counselor's instruction sheet. "Do you teach a six-year-old boy to swim or play tennis or sail?" I wondered. "And how do you take care of them twenty-four hours a day?" These were but a few questions that ran through my mind in the next few minutes.

I almost wanted to get out and walk back to the station. Like an answer to a prayer, the driver slowed down. He turned onto a small, dirt road. Once again his chatter caught my ear. "Well, this is it!" he said.

I saw sailboats and canoes on a broad expanse of lake. There were rows of identical cabin and some larger buildings. Next a skid dock, a pool, and a gymnasium came into view. Everything was bathed in the dazzling brilliance of the mid-morning sun.

During the next hour, I checked in, found my cabin, and met some of the other counselors. I began to feel more at ease until I realized that the other counselors were college students. They were, I was sure, experts at just about everything.

After lunch the campers began to arrive in cars. Everything seemed to be happening too fast, or maybe I was just one step behind. Now the campers were here, and we had not even unpacked yet. I reached into my pocket for the counselor's instruction sheet. "Maybe it will tell me what to say when they come," I hoped.

Just then the door opened, and three little boys walked in. I stood up and grinned awkwardly. After a minute of silence, I told them my name. Then all at once they quietly told me their names. We all four stood there and looked at each other. I tried desperately to think of something to say and finally suggested: "Do you all want to look around before you unpack?"

"Gosh, yes!" one said. The others nodded in agreement. We were starting out the door when the shortest one gathered his courage and looked up at me shyly. "The other two fished toothless, six-year-old grins and for moments, we were all laughing.

"Why, they were the ones that were really scared," I thought. And then I turned to the smallest one, "You know, maybe we can go sailing this afternoon."

Ellick Daniel

**That Deadly Button**

From the beginning of time, man has climbed ever upward in his search for the summit, the Eternal. Man has crawled to obtain

perfection in all fields. Indeed, now in 1978, man is far from the beast-like caveman of ten thousand years ago. Man seemingly is now in the full light of information and achievement. Yes, even here at the Central Control house of the Red Flats Ballistic Missile Housing Center, things are at their summit. The most destructive weapons that the world has ever known are found by the hundreds in this area. Even the radar is the best in the world—now being able to detect an object leaving from anywhere on the earth's surface.

These past twenty years have been "trying" ones, for in his search for the eternal summit in his works, man has overlooked one thing—how to coexist peacefully. The cold war has grown so tense that a full, twenty-four-hour-a-day alert is held on all military bases.

"Captain, do you think that the next shift will be ready to take over in . . . two hundred hours?"

"Well, just the same, I . . . Hey, Captain, look on the screen! Aren't those tiny dots what the book says rockets taking off look like?"

"Good Lord! Those can't be rockets; they're rising so fast!"

"That's what they do; they rise and strike half way round the world in six minutes!"

"Call the General at once and ask what to do," boomed the Sergeant, "we have to stop them!"

"Let me have this line! I don't give a damn if your wife is having a baby! Oh no, the General is touring the parade column, and we don't have the time to find him."

Then I say fire! It's either fire or be cremated by a fire-ball."

"But, sir, the responsibility . . ."

"Hang the responsibility! Push buttons red and green for Moscow and Leningrad."

"They're fired, sir; what now?"

"I don't know; I wish I did know. I think in the Bible there is something about such a situation. I believe in *Matthew XXIV* it says something about nation rising against nation and kingdom against kingdom and all of the pestilences and famines and such that will occur. Could it be that I have started such a time of death and destruction?"

"I am sure that those are missiles, sir! Already the national warning has been sounded."

"Better send several hundred more toward China to be sure because more of the dots are rising now!"

And so it all started. Yes, the destruction of most of the world and all that is worth while is a horrible thing to think of, yet it happened. Millions of people started a sweet little smash that was ankle deep in parts of the larger cities. This was right.

Yes, man has indeed progressed a long way from his bows and arrows and rocks. Man has reached the summit, or has he? Remove the cloak of the few generations of knowledge or break a person's shell of security and individuality and what have you got? Indeed, can man be so smug and sure of himself? Can man ever obtain God in man's form of mortal flesh? Will man resist from pushing the button of self-destruction? Who can say if man will? Remember, however, that just as I destroyed the world by pushing a pen along, so man can destroy the world by pushing the button of doubt and greed.

Tate Bradley

I, Sam Glasgow, leave my mind to whoever can fit it.

I, Alan Glenn, leave my efficacious cedar still to the U.S. Bureau of Engravers.

I, Harry Grossman, leave my undying admiration to my least facetious friend, L. S.

I, Bill Griffin, leave my broken body as a target for next year's rifle team.

I, Bill Hancock, leave my chocolates to Stevie.

I, Willie Hardison, leave my rapturous tendencies to all my family and followers.

I, Anthony Harwell, usually leave about one.

I, Jud Harwood, leave my golden throat to Bobby Finks.

I, Joe Howell, leave to pawn my collection of sorority pins.

I, Chip Hutchison, leave my unobtrusive mannerisms to Coach Matlock.

I, Jimmy Killebrew, leave my body to the glue factory.

I, Doug Love, leave (for analysis) my breath to the Science Department.

I, Dick Marks, leave my reticence to Phil Hendrickson.

I, Bob Mathes, leave everybody else on the road behind.

I, Jack McClelland, leave Mrs. Hollins a broken heart.

I, Jimmie McRae, leave four of my cylinders to Danny.

I, Danny Murray, leave a primrose path of pestilence.

I, Craig Nielsen, leave my base idealism to all philosophers who can comprehend it.

I, Joe Palmer, finally leave . . . maybe.

I, Mike Pemberton, leave to Phil Hendrickson.

I, Bob Mathes, leave everybody else on the road behind.

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**ANNUAL DEDICATION**

Mrs. Patterson,  
recipient of  
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dedication.

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most-explored hills of South Ontario more fertile fields.

I, Dale Sullivan, leave for Alaska where snow is obtained more easily.

I, Jody Therrell, leave my English notes to Howard Dickenson.

I, Mike Thompson, leave my pacifism and my playboys to Bobby Fox.

I, Allen Wallace, leave to acquire a more propitious harem.

I, Tommy Webb, leave my den of iniquity to venture toward salvation.

I, Bandy Wanning, leave for California via Cape Horn.

I, John Witherspoon, leave to attend the John Lee Hooker Institute of Gut Bucket.

I, Bob Wood, leave my rhetorical questions to Mr. Meriwether.

Farewell!



## MAROONS TAKE TENNIS CROWN

### —BULLETIN—

MRA has just finished in first place in the T.S.S.A.A. Regional Tennis Tournament. This tournament, the first of its kind, was held for Nashville and surrounding areas, including Clarksville and Gallatin. The MRA tennis team received a trophy cup for its winning play. In addition, Robby Frist placed first in singles match play by beating many netters, including Dick Strome of Donelson and Bill Hartman of Ryan. Jim Cheek took the runner-up trophy in singles by beating second seeded Steve Ward of West End, Steve Wiles and Bobby Frist took runner-up honors and the winner's trophy. Mike Thompson and Jim Cheek took the runner-up trophy. Overall, MRA won all five of the Boy's Division trophies. The T.S.S.A.A. Regional Tennis Tournament has been planned as an annual event to be played toward the end of each tennis season in the future.

### Sports Highlights Of 1960

by Willie Hardison and Company  
FOOTBALL:

M.B.A. 20	Hillsboro 0	Success!
M.B.A. 28	18 St. Xavier	
M.B.A. 28	0 Clarksville	
M.B.A. 13	0 Gallatin	
M.B.A. 0	0 Ryan	
M.B.A. 12	16 C.B.H.S.	
M.B.A. 32	13 Springfield	
M.B.A. 9	12 Oak Ridge	
M.B.A. 14	21 Litton	
M.B.A. 20	0 Hillsboro	

To the team members:

Each game is a story within itself. After the St. Xavier game in Louisville, the season looked long; but the Maroons bounded back tremendously against Clarksville. The Willsites never pene- trated further than the M.B.A. 40 yard line. After this success, the Big Red halted the previously unbeaten, unscorched-on Gallatin Greenwave. In their first AAA game, the Maroons battled to a scoreless tie—"If only we hadn't fizzled on the three-yard line!" The team then dropped a heart-breaker to the Greenwave from M.B.A. in the last two minutes. Said C.B.H.S. Coach Tom Nix after the game: "M.B.A. out-knocked us the whole game; we were very fortunate to win." Not enough can be said about our homecoming victory over Springfield—touchdown passes of 58, 37, and 5 yards in addition to touchdown runs of 71 and 48 yards accounted for the record. Before being a close, hard-fought game, the Oak Ridge game had another amusing highlight: early in the third quarter, a ridge runner picked up a kick and ran 65 yards the wrong way for a score for M.B.A. after being tackled by Lewis Dale. This story, incidentally, appeared in the *New York Times*. Against Litton, M.B.A. had more first downs, more rushing yards, and more rushing yardage, but Litton had the advantage on the score board. As for the Hillsboro game, since "brevity is the soul of wit," We Romped!

Cafferky, Walker chosen All City.

Smith, All AAA. Killebrew received the "Most Improved Player" Award.

Harwood, the "Best Blocker" Award.

Whitmer, the "Best Tackle" Award.

Grossman, the "70 Yard Club" Award.

During the year M.B.A. received the WLAC Sportsmanship Award.

### UNDER THE STANDS

Copyright revolved—1960

Unless the baseball team gets more support next year, it is rumored that they may move their franchise to the West Coast. Seriously, a little encouragement could bring a baseball championship to MRA next year.

Also on the baseball scene is the winner of this month's "About Face Award," which goes to the Detroit Tigers. The "Comeback Award" goes to all the seniors who fail the English IV exam.

The Health Club booms as the "biggest place in town." For the record, Joe Roberts' money was refunded. Some other MRA students were reported working their bodies at Sulphur Dell.

Congratulations to district high-hurdles champion John Stevens. After his victory John said: "Well, I'm getting faster; but I haven't been able to score so many points knocking over hurdles." Keep up the work, John; maybe you can be up with a loose spike.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS Removed and Reference for One Minute

Now is the time of the year when a certain mystic fragrance seethes through the air and a mist comes to the eyes. Even among friends it is often unbearable. A change is against my way of life. Some of us are strong and can stand up to the force. I myself, after five years at the academy, have finally reached the breaking point. The end was bound to come sometime. Where's the soap? I gotta take a bath.

BEE OH (columnist) Big Tom (A.W.O.L.)

See ya'll August 15.

The team hopes to have another successful year under the leadership of David Walker, captain, and Bill Shaw, co-captain.

**Basketball:** M.B.A. won first three district victories over T.P.S., Howard, and Cohn. The last five games of the season were also victorious. The team ended the season with a record of 13 wins and 8 losses in addition to being the fourth seeded team in the District AA District Tournament. The Maroons were defeated by Hume Fogg, the ultimate champions of the district, by a score of 58 to 55, although the Big Red led by as much as nine points in the third quarter. The high scoring of Captain Bobby Frist, the rebounding of Daniel and Simpson, and the brilliant floor play of Thompson and Smith, together with the aid of Shaw, Dale, Rippey, Bradley, and Porter made this year's team one of M.B.A.'s finest in several years.

Track: The 880-yard relay team

posts the best time in the state of 1:33.6 as of May 11. The 440-yard relay team is second in the mid-state of 45.1 as of May 11.

Both of these teams have new school records. School records were also set by the mile-relay team (3:35.3), by Alex Porter in the 440-yard dash (51.4), and by Chip Hutchinson in the pole vault (10 feet-four inches). Three other records were missed only very slightly: the 220 by Alex Porter, the broad jump by Harwood, in the mile by Allen McDaniel, and in the discus by Russ Dilley.

On Saturday morning, May 7, M.B.A. received the second place trophy for District II Track Meet. It has been stated that this year's team is the best since 1956, and the records that have been broken show this fact.

With the financial help of the Fathers' Club and numerous friends of the school, with the inspiration of Mr. Carter



Pickel sends Moss into third 440 of the BANNER mile relay.

### Diamond Details

M.B.A. started off this year's baseball season with a very inexperienced team. Not being too strong this year, they should have a good foundation to build upon in the following years.

Senior members of the team include Tate Bradley, Bill Griffin, Billy Bob Whitmer, and Captain Jimmy Killebrew. Killebrew, who was a potential All-City prospect, injured his ankle while playing football and suffered himself incapable of finishing the season. Juniors include Ross Peebles, and "Sluggo" Paul Francis. Sophies include John Atkins, John Myhr, Spike Hupka (also somewhat of a slugger), Gareth Aden, Charlie Bryan, and John Mazach. Freshmen are Dave Nicholas and Jay Kennel. Gordon Smith is the lone eighth grader.

The pitchers are Jay Kennel, Gordon Smith, Tate Bradley, and John Mazach.

Although the team did not have an impressive season in the win-loss column, it gained a lot of experience and know-how which will be the foundation of a winning team next year. Coach Matlock feels that his boys are on the way to the top; however, support of the team is practically a necessity for success. The student body is requested to support the succeeding team.

—John Mazach



Hutchison clears bar at 10'4" to set new M.B.A. record at BANNER Relays.

and under the guidance of Steve McCallie, the coach of the chapter of Vanderbilt, M.B.A. introduced a wrestling team to rank among the other competitive sports at M.B.A. The new team, consisting of boys from the ninth through the twelfth grade, all new to the sport, undertook four meets. The inexperienced masters made their first trip to McCallie where wrestling has been a major sport for several years.

Although the team did not suffer an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the McCallie boys, it gained invaluable experience after the meet from their opponents who divulged several phases of their art. Several weeks later Columbia Military Academy, also an accomplished team of the mid-south, handed M.B.A. its second defeat—but not without a fight! Don McCallie and Rhodes Zimmerman won their individual bouts; several boys tied; but a few boys were pinned in the opening seconds, as in the humiliation a few weeks before. The next two meets were with Castle Heights and with the Phi Delta Fraternity (Continued on page 9, col. 4)

### On the Track

The Big Red tracksters have rolled along in fine style this year, winning two regular season meets and placing second in another. After placing second to Cohn in a field of four in the first meet, the team overwhelmed neighborhood rivals Ryan and Hillsboro by winning nine of the sixteen events. In the last meet, M.B.A. grabbed first place by  $\frac{1}{2}$  point over T.P.S. and Franklin.

Highlights of the season have been five new school records. The relay team, composed of Willie Hardison, Jimm Pickel, Pete Moss, and Alex Porter set records in the 440-yard and mile relays. The same team, with Robert Orr running the last leg, set a new record in the 880-yard relay. Between the record-breaking relay races, Alex Porter, the school's top dash man, set a new record in the 440-yard dash of 10.8 seconds. Chip Hutchinson smashed the school vault record by eight inches with a jump of 10 feet and four inches, which was the second best jump in N.I.L. competition.

Top scorer of the season was Jud Harwood. He had about 42 points from the broad jump, pole vault, 440-yard dash, and 100-yard dash.

The team had several qualifiers for the regional meet at T.P.S. which precedes the state meet. Among these, the 440-yard and 880-yard relay teams look best against state competition.

Some of the best runners the school has had are leaving today; but the team has several fine prospects coming up. With the grade school boys participating in track now, and with all the promising freshmen on the varsity, the future looks very bright for M.B.A. track.

Russ Dilley

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2302 West End Ave, Across  
from the Vanderbilt Campus

### Golf

The M.B.A. golf team began the season by defeating a poor Father Ryan team by the score of 5 to 1 but was defeated by Hillsboro the following week 4 to 2. This defeat to Hillsboro was somewhat mitigated by Frank Hutchinson's victory over Hillsboro's number one man, who is ranked sixth in the city. The team then stomped over to the 220 and lost to Dupont and Lipscomb. On April 19, the golf team departed for Chattanooga to participate in the Southern Interscholastic Golf Tournament.

Although the team did not fare too well, much valuable experience was gained. This year's team was seriously handicapped by the loss of its first two men; yet for a young team it did fairly well. Not only with the loss of only one of the starting foursome and seven of the nine who qualified for the team returning, M.B.A. can hope for better fortune and possibly the N.I.L. Schoolboy Championship.

—Rhodes Zimmerman

### HARDING ROAD BARBER SHOP

"Boys Are Our Specialty"

## SENIOR TEA LEAVES

by Sons of Shakespeare

	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Where Found</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>What Saying</i>
Barry	Deen	Al's	To Integrate	"Duh . . ."
Bradley	Jack the Beast	Studying Nazi Torture Methods	To Prove There Is No Santa	"Look at the baby robin bleed."
Cafferky	Cat	Raiding Distilleries	To Re-instate Prohibition	I was just practice'n up on my lying.
Carman	Igmo	Working in Radio Shop	To Fix One	"All right! Where's my silicon rectifier?"
Carmichael	Anonymous	Susan B's	To Formally Take Over Mr. Rogers' Class	"I'm the best passer in school."
Cheek	Pablo	Sharpening Watusi's Spear	To Have a Spear of His Own	"Hey, Aubrey, let's go to Ireland's"
Cherry	Buster	In Pensive Meditation	To Remember a Joke	"Duh . . . duh . . . huh huh . . . duh . . ."
Cheshire	Jim the Stilt	Taking Stretching Exercises	To Play Pro Basketball	"Mommy, where are my Alder elevators?"
Cockrill	Big Daddy	Waving the "Bloody Shirt"	To Get Away	"Tell her I'm not home."
Collin	Greasy	Stacking Greased B.B.'s	(CENSORED)	"Don't call me greasy."
Dale	Cannibal	Mooning	To Cast Aside His Bonds of Henpecked Servitude	"Ah, please, Louise."
Daniel	Gooney	In Front of a Mirror	To Have a Date	"Hello. Oh! Is this a girl? . . . CLICK."
Davis	Good Jelly	At the Symphony	To Be Adopted by Bo Didley	"Go, Leonard Bernstein, go. . . ."
Frist	Fuzz Face	Guzzling	To Be As Hairy As Shriner	"Gimme a Clug."
Gaines	Boobs	Kicking Little Chickens into the Creek	To Live Reverently	"CENSORED. . . ."
Glasgow	Sin Bad	Shining in Sin Den	To Sin	"I love to sin."
Glenn	Buzz	Wolfling His Cookies	To Have a Boy	"Just so they got pants. . . ."
Griffin	Young Bill	Killing Baby Songbirds	To Get a Machine Gun	"I'm not a Frosty Morn."
Grossman	Poofy	In Solitude with His Babe, Simpson	To Correct the Doctor	"Hey, what you boys doin'?"
Hancock	Charlatan	Buying More Cameras	To Own the Nikon Co.	"Come see my new lens."
Hardison	Thirsty	Down on the farm	To Stay in Shape Over the Weekend	"I'm quilting track."
Harwell	Watson	Playing with His Spear	(Already Fulfilled)	"Ahhh . . ."
Harwood	Bleb	Annie's	To Beat Hutchison in Something	"Where's my darling Jan . . . I mean Annie?"
Howell	Crash	Socializing	To Ring Tinka Bell	"Oh, mon, that's just red paint on my collar."
Hutchison	Old Faithless	In Front of Mirror Admiring Himself	To Beat Up Glenn	"Darling, I once thought how this side had snaz."
Killebrew	Grandberry	Nursing His Ankle	To Get Unringed Because of Rumors	"Gosh, you should have seen what happened to Weldon."
Love	Nic-o-tene	Opium Parlor	To Have a Date with an American	"Yes, they do have twenty-thousand tiny filter traps."
Marks	Hawkeyes	(Not Looked For)	To Find a Business Manager for '61	"Haw . . . Haw!"
Mathes	Cotton	Rockin' with the Beast	To Be Bradley's Assistant	"I wish I had a Corvette."
McClelland	Guill-e-boo	Competing with Shriver for Girls	To Snow Somebody—Anybody	"O.K., baby, this is Big Jack, let's move."
Moss	Joseph Persius	Groping for the Light Switch	To Run on All Eight Cylinders	"Ah, Randle."
Murray	Dack Stick	Under a Rock	To Be Legally 21	"Look at him flash."
Nielson	Sporting Life	Raising (CENSORED)	To Learn to Enjoy Good Books	"School is for the birds."
Palmer	Bloat's Brother	In Seclusion	To Find a Hiding Place on the Campus	"I wish I had a St. Bernard."
Pemberton	John C. Barleycorn	In the Gutter	To Cure Hang-Overs	"I've been accepted at Cal Tech!"
Pickel	Juicy, Black	Next Door	To Get Susan Back	"She has quadrupletimed me."
Porter	Suppy	Eating Dust from Curley's Heels	To Kill Old Crows	"Taste this."
Prueher	W. D.	At Cynthia B's	To Have a Big, Black Box of His Own	"She just about asked me for the date."
Roberts	Stump	"Y"	To Become an Inverted Prismatoid	"Just this one last time. . . ."
Robertson	Sammekins	Censoring This Feature	To Determine Who Wrote This	"No, Jud, you can't switch to news."
Scoville	Scote	Worshipping Burros	To Be Able to Pass at Hillsboro	"Hillsboro is a good school."
Shriver	Pig Iron	Chasing Charlie Bambin	To Not Be So Fierce	"You're asking for a fight, Bub."
Simpson	Friendly	Grieving Over the Community Problems	To Further the Interests of His Fellow Man	"Can I be of any assistance, fellow class-mate."
Smith	Yogi	Holding Hands	To Be As Hairy As S. O.	"A three-dollar bottle of pink, please."
Sullivan	Whale-T. . .	Counting His Women With Margaret S.	To Not Be Such a Snow King	"The physics test was crip."
Therrell	Leftover	Sucking His Thumb	To Get Out in Five Years	"Yuk, yuk."
Thompson	Sweet Stuff	(Who Cares?)	To Be a Good Boy	"I wone to play with little dolly."
Wallace	Rejected	In Jail	(Get Serious!)	(His words are too garbled.)
Webb	Deacon	Being Disappointed	To Be Most Wanted	"Gimme a Drag."
Wenning	Bambi Weiner	Fleeing from Shriver	To Have a Tale To Tell	"Man, I'm cool."
White	Chicken Yellow		Director of Subterranean Sanitation	"Hey, Robert. Is that guy after us?"
Whitmer	Slim	With Girls	To Be As Slim As Roberts	"Yea, I'm the best tackle on the team."
Witherspoon	Duane	At Maceo's	To Be As Cool As Little Walter	"My pop is not J. Reed."
Wood	Idiennes	Goofing	To Cut School	"So who needs College Boards?"

### JUNIOR NEWS

(Continued from page 5, col. 5)  
Peebles didn't catch the joke, Reynolds skipped practice, and somebody borrowed money from King.

Later some juniors took giant steps into the realm of politics. On the local scene, Big Chief Hat, also known as Big Tom, united political factions in "Good Jelly. Internationally speaking, Williams held a press conference with Fidel to discuss the world situation. "Beep-Beep" McDaniel, while cruising over Russia, made a forced landing, and was captured by the Soviets for divisive activities. Moreover, when the Soviets discovered "Beep-Beep" to have flaws without a plan, they were forced to print fake pictures of an airplane crash.

Here at M.B.A. illusive Reynolds consistently insists he is a cow as he continues to ring cow bell. Despite the weather, Shwab wears short-sleeved shirts to display his newly acquired manhood. We must ask Shwab to refrain from displaying his virility, for Kousser has that look in his eye. Also, in study hall, "Spic" Williams spends his time keeping up the

correspondence with his new pen pal Annette Funicello. In recent lunch room demonstrations, Smith, Baum, and Co. made another attempt to integrate Beard's table. We are happy to report that Baum's lads were defeated by Beard's buds. "Tobacco Patch" Reynolds found that a ride before school was his nicotine fits under control.

To hit the sports note, congratulations must be given to Rhoads Zimmerman for consistently looking for golf tee stubs above and beyond the call of duty. Incidentally, Coach Matlock has found the answer to putting a man on base. He simply sends Reynolds to the plate with instructions to let his mate be hit. Shrewd strategy, Coach!

On the social scene, it was reported that "Eats" Ligon, the "Bad Junior," was nominated President of Teen Town after organizing the ticket taking. It seems "Eats'" plan was his promise to dance at least once with every girl there (he is in such a bad mood). Also at East Teen Town, two juniors met with severe defeats. EX-MBA-er Dennis Colline and his

rocking trio made a dramatic exit from the dance while Metcalf got shafted by a girl for another girl, Big Tom, in an effort to keep his snow car in good shape, recently was seen taking locks of his hair to scrub his white walls. When asked why, he answered: "I'm out of Brillo pads!" Also in the social scene, Rhoads quit King and became lone wolf. Rhoads' most unusual performance, Ward finally discovers what a "rocking good time" is; deZevallas shakes Harrel; Ball takes Therrell's pin; and Weesmer takes out a "nice" girl.

Questions most frequently asked of juniors these days:

"Orville, why does everybody use your legs for golf clubs?"

"Frank, why do you want to be a hand catcher?"

"Hey, Todd, will Morehead let you go out with the boys Friday?"

And now, we close another year.

Dee Metcalf

### Sophomore Class News

Here it is! Our last deep, dark, secretive edition for everyone to take home and try to figure out.

We dedicate this last issue to our kind-hearted teachers and to ourselves, who have worked so very hard the whole year and are glad to be finished at last. And finally we wish to recognize Chas. Wray and Allen Kennedy who did not once fail to complain about our mishandling of news and its very hidden meaning.

Now we present these fond memories of our kind teachers who have helped to make the year miserable.

To Mrs. Sims: We will always remember your little twenty-six week chats in the office before our six-weeks test. Your friendly little jokes and our standing up and sitting down when you entered the room. Your six-weeks test translations and your six-weeks test in advance are dear to us. But all jocularity aside, we will always remember you as one of our best teachers and friends, our helper and guide. To the one who has helped us the most, we say "Thank You."

To Mr. Rule:

At telling jokes you are the best,

But your six-weeks tests we liked less. You explained and explained, but you

Didn't quite get through, to us

Your pupils. We wish we understood, too.

At board illustrating, you

really are great;

Your students you show and

think they

Will rate.

But to you we say: "Get on the ball!"

"Get from out of the front of the board!"

"For we can't see anything at all."

All kidding aside, to you we say we learned a lesson every day. Don't ever be a prude or think things crude; just be happy to be what you are, be efficient and right and keep up to par.

To Mr. Pafford:

You handle your biology lab just fine.

And the rat or the worm you will dissect anytime.

But we, your students, still

regret the smell

(Continued on page 9, col. 1)

## SOPHOMORE NEWS

(Continued from page 8, col. 5)  
Of formaldehyde  
And our rat that died.

Your biology tests were bad enough,  
But physiology we think is guff.

Our tympanums are tired, our rods and cones droopy;  
On your tests we tried to be snoopy.

We asked you questions and answers, too,  
But to our plan you didn't comply, you just

Looked mad and cocked your eye.  
But now this poem must end,  
for from you we learned how to study each day, study the Pafford way, study and study and then study, too.

To Mr. Poston:

Your three-weeks tests were hairy, been hairy.  
Your sequence tests were, too.

We faced Silas Marner and his odd ways.  
But they were nothing compared to you.

But here we have a confession Signed by—by you yourself. It

Tells of your mischievous deeds Of the year and your kindnesses, too.

To Mr. James A. Poston, do hereby confess that I have violated every rule of justice and fairness in my teachings at MBA. I have willingly played favorites among my pupils; I always fail the students that I don't like, but make it a point never to give any of the students who butter me up under 98, even if I have to add 20 points to their final grade. I never grade fair, and always try to give the most sneaky low-down tests that I can. The only time I am ever happy occurs when I am failing 90% of my students."

—James A. Poston

Mr. Poston, from you we have gained the secret of life: how to be happy in a teacher-made strife!

To Mr. Campbell:  
"Ode to a Speech Teacher"  
we're sure.

You haven't heard.  
But when you hear it, you'll think it absurd.

Yet to all of us it is the truth Of our speech teacher, "though it is uncouth.

Day after day you preached about speech,  
And we found it out of our reach.

When we made speeches you said we were dear;  
But you haven't made a speech in years.

Now that we're finished, we'd like to say  
That in all truthfulness, you're really OK!

We, the members of the Sophomore Class, being of unbound mind and tormented body at the hand of our merciless teachers, hereby bequeath our most prized possessions to the Freshman Class:

Jeff Adams and Fraser Orman leave their cutting ability.

Corny Apfel and John Atkins leave their ludicrousness.

Richard Pickering leaves his tall tales.

Robbie Purdy leaves his good nature.

Bob Rea leaves his power of reasoning.

Pat Risen leaves his pictures!

John Sherman leaves his cameras.

Richard Sipe leaves his individuality.

Don Startup leaves his mistakes in English.

Bennie and Pat Trimble leave their theory that two heads are better than one. (We wonder!)

Wilson Wattenbarger leaves his tennis ability.

Frank Wentworth leaves his memories of the French night clubs.

Gareth Aden and Tommy Cowan leave a bit of news for a change.

Tommy Baker and Jeff Reuschelle leave their names in the paper.

Joe Binkley leaves his friendliness.

Ri Braden is glad to leave Latin Class.

Charlie Bryan leaves his uncontrollable emotions.

Carson Carlisle leaves Mr. Poston his confession.

Rick Carter leaves his brown

ring.

Ralph Chandler leaves his swaness.

Howard Dickinson leaves the sophomore year.

Russ Dilley leaves his superior brain for study.

Mike Doyle leaves "The Ode to a Speech Teacher."

Norman Finch and Spike Hupka leave their weeds.

Allen French leaves his spidy manner.

George Huntley leaves his great height.

Jack Husband leaves his jocularity.

Tommy Jordan leaves for the drag races.

Allen Kennedy leaves Josephine Berson to anybody.

Dave Long leaves his "Do-It-Yourself" Globe Kit.

Billy Lukes leaves—without his galoshes!

John Marshall leaves his flighty ways.

John Mazach leaves everyone to go to the dogs.

Ric Mellon leaves Mary Louise Turner.

Mike Morris leaves his imprint on the locker door.

Peter Neuhoff leaves without finding his lost Latin, Algebra, Physiology, and English books.

Charlie Niles leaves his ability on sequence tests.

Rob Orr leaves his track ability.

Bill Ozier and Charlie Whray leave the Sophomore Yacht Club.

Dick Patterson leaves his M.G.

Last year the Sophomore Class

leave the freshman our teachers and with them luck.

To Coach Black, who taught ancient and medieval history to those sophos who were either too chicken to take biology or so stupid as to take both subjects, we have fond memories of a smiling face and a helping hand. What history students say about him is that he is a "SHORT ANSWER" six-page quiz. Coach Black was so fond of giving. Coach Black also coached the freshman football team, which had a great season. Thinking back over the year, we cannot see fitting the remaining seven periods without that coach. The first-period history class with Mr. Black.

Since that period is worn to a stub, in conclusion we wish to thank the faculty and fellow students of MBA for helping make our sophomore year bearable and even slightly educational. To all fellow sophomores, we columnists want to wish you luck (you'll need it!) on the exams. Thanks for putting up with our humble little concern for a whole nine months.

Quote of the month: "Quid me vexari, de exam?"

Now we tried to bring to you,

But this we did not always do.

And now at last we want to say

That we enjoyed bringing the news your way.

JOYFUL YOUR VACATION!

Tommy Cowan  
Gareth Aden

## Freshman Class News

(The Superior News)

First, to get unpleasant business out of the way, we would like to question the childlike a t e m p t made by the Sophomore News editors to cut the highly superior Freshman Class. We find it difficult to believe that said editors could have gained knowledge of the freshman d a n c e otherwise than through hearsay, which is unacceptable to persons of normal intelligence. Furthermore, we find it hard to believe that the sophomore editors could stay up until 8:30, at which time the freshman dance allegedly ended.

We feel that this crude cut is, unfortunately, typical of the Sophomore Class. However, the sophomores should be grateful that we took the time to notice their statement.

We speculate that as a result of this original behavior, the superior freshmen, the sophomores are trying to lower the high esteem in which the freshmen are held, to their own level. We are ashamed to acknowledge that MBA students could stoop to such an act. However, the same incident reveals that the sophomores have a deep-rooted insecurity. In ending discussion on the matter, we wish to express our hope and trust that the future Junior Class will

hence forth show proper respect for the future sophomores.

And now, the elite Freshman News!

First, in an attempt to enlighten your minds on how the other half thinks, we give you:

Quoted from RAYMOND:

"Clumsy oaf!"

"Carrirrrect!"

"Ellen? Wasn't she Huckleberry Finn's mother?"

"But, Dr. Sager?"

"I'm innocent!"

"But, sir! If we can fool with the Venetian blinds, why can't?"

Ledbetter offered Sloan a dime to get him some catnip. Sloan offers Ledbetter a dollar to take his demerits.

"Rule! Mrs. Rule, Mrs.???"

pleads Sloan.

He shows his superiority over lesser mortals by winning the Math Contest.

Mr. Pafford finally realizes the

utility of his heroic efforts and turns the class over to the pupils.

"You don't have to be crazy to learn Latin, but you surely had better be."

Strange happening, as a Moore tree grows through Mr. Rogers' floor.

We understand that with school

almost over it is being attempted to clear most of the inmates out of the asylums to make room for

Mr. Carter and company so that

they can have long needed and much deserved rest.

"At night while you're sleeping,

poison ivy comes creeping around. Daniels scratches like

a hound because he started to mess around with Poison Ivy."

—Sweet Luckey

Snore! fill algebra class, but Dr. Sager's piece of chalk.

"Flunk now, avoid the final rush."

Congratulations to Bowling for

outstanding achievements in the

scholastic event of seeing who can

get the most demerits in one minute.

And so, another year ends at

Montgomery Bell Academy, and we

walk from these hallowed

grounds with a tear in our eye—a tear because vacation is only three months long.

Most surely we would like to express our appreciation for the work and efforts of Mr. Carter and our teachers in their attempt to learn we'um's life.

Clark Hutton, III  
Riki Ricketson

## Junior School News

Friends, we are very sorry to re-

port that this is the end of school.

We know how unhappy you must be!

Benson becomes the boy whose

hair girls don't like to get their fingers in.

Stifler, the boy in the snow-

storm, still radiates fallout.

The Junior School track team

defeated Stokes and Farmer

schools in a meet, winning four

out of six events.

The Junior School baseball

team, ably coached by Mr. Novak,

has played several games: TPS, 5-

MBA, 3-1; TPS, 15-MBA, 0; Lipscomb, 6-

MBA, 5-2; Novak, 13-0; Lipscomb, 6-6; MBA, 13-0; Novak, 13-0.

Bramham learns that his uncle's wife's sister's daughter's grandmother's son's stepmother's third cousin was a witch!

Eلام goes on a whistling spree.

A school boy's slogan: "Happi-

ness is a called summer vaca-

tion."

"Fred Astaire" Anderson injures his knee while dancing.

Mr. Bachleda wins the Phillips

Cheerot's Man of the Year Award.

As a special feature, we would

like to award some Junior School

Superlatives:

Most Athletic: Dee Thompson

and Phil Husband

Brainiest: Bill Bramham

Most Likely to Succeed: Kirk

Todd

Biggest Dressed: Jim Braden

Biggest Bull-Shooter: Mike

Mathes

Most in Love: Bobby Chilton

Shyest: Frank Greenlee and

Frank Reeves

Since there have been so many

bad things said about John Stifler,

we would like to say a good word

for him: uh, ahem, er . . . well,

don't worry, John. We'll think of

something.

An interesting, intriguing inci-

dent occurred in Mr. Bachleda's

room recently. Mike Mathes, the

butter-fingered boy, dropped his

money on the floor. Mr. Bachle-

da, rather Mr. Bachleda, heard

the sound of wood and silver

meeting and confiscated the dough

aloud and lengthy protests.

Then Mr. B. picked up the Word

Wealth book and read (don't

laugh; of course he can read!) this

sentence: "A brigand is not con-

cerned to afferm parties." Since Mr.

Bachleda is a true brigand, he re-

turned the money, to the sur-

prise of all.

Kirk Todd has decided to learn

German this summer—in Ger-

many, no less. But what's this I

hear about East Germany, Kirk?"

Teacher's motto: "Speak softly,

but carry a ready demerit pad."

Here are a few famous last

words of some rather infamous

people:

Truettman: "Hey, Buddy, ya'

want to drag?"

Bedford: "I can jump five feet

easily!"

Reeves: "Be careful; my home-

made a-tomic bomb is very deli-

cate!"

Stifler: "To start my new in-

vention you press this little red

button."

Greenlee: "Mercyman and I are

really good friends."

Billings: "Elam, you couldn't

hurt a flea."

Howell: "Anybody can spell

acquaintance."

Sumpter: "No one gets hurt in

football."

Chip Baker: "I dare you to step

over my foot."

Hanley Savers: "I can lick any

man in this room."

Mrs. Carter: "Thanks for the

gift, boys; and what's that strange

ticking noise?"

And now a little poetry:

I love to do my homework;

It makes me feel so good!

I love to do exactly

As my teachers say I should.

I love my school work very

much;

I never miss a day;

I even love the men in white.

We're taking me away.

—Boy's Life

Here are a few awards to the

teachers:

Most Athletic: Mrs. Carter

Best Tank Driver: Mr. Bachleda

Best Hot Dog: Mr. Novak

Most Roustie: Mr. Matthes

Friendliest: Miss Thompson

Schoolwork has become oppres-

sively heavy in this last portion

of the year.

Special Warning: Plaster is fall-

ing in Miss Thompson's room.

We wish to summarize this

school year.

At the first of the year, hornets

invaded the school grounds.

Then came the Great Wars with pencils,

rulers, and compasses as weapons.

Snow fell and MBA was closed

several times. When opened, the

school witnessed snowball fights

after lunch. Then came Spring Vac-

ation with several Florida trips.

At last, now, school is over. We

can sum up the year in a single

sentence: "Thank goodness it's over!"

And so, as another school year

ends, we say, "Good-bye and better

## Personalities of the Month



For this commencement issue of THE BELL RINGER, John Witherspoon has been chosen as a Personality of the Month. Throughout his four years at M.B.A. he has developed an increasingly praiseworthy record of accomplishment.

John played basketball at Parmer school in the eighth grade; and, in the ninth grade, he came to M.B.A. He has been on the honor role for his entire four years and is academically one of the top students in his class. For four years John has been a member of THE BELL RINGER staff and this year is an assistant editor-in-chief. Having achieved the required outstanding grades, he was appointed to the Senior Honor Society in his sophomore year. John has been a member of the Math Club for two years and of the Forensics Club for two years. This year he is a member of the Sports Editor of the annual. In his junior year John was given the Lindsley Ruth Award for Citizenship. This year he has been chosen as a member of the Honor Council. John has also been elected to the Hi-Y Club and to the Key Club this year. He served this year as a cheerleader for the Big Red.

John attends West End Church of Christ. He has been a member of the Boy Scouts for four years. It is today that John Witherspoon graduates, a renowned figure and outstanding personality of M.B.A.

—Coleman Harwell



THE BELL RINGER has chosen Nancy Eakin as its Girl of the Month. Nancy has acquired great admiration from the M.B.A. leadership and has shown leadership throughout her high school years. The qualities represented by these characteristics make her a deserving recipient of the honor.

Nancy was a basketball cheerleader at Woodmont school. In the ninth grade she went to Hillsboro where she was elected president of her homeroom. In her sophomore year she went to Harpeth Hall where she became a cheerleader of the Ariston Club. Nancy has been a member of the Spanish Club for two years and of the Science Club for two years. During her junior year, she was the junior representative to the student council. This year she has been the secretary of the Ariston Club and the vice president of the Kappa Delta Theta sorority.

Nancy served at the M.B.A. spaghetti supper this year and was an attendant to the homecoming queen. She is the publicity chairman in her year group at the West End Methodist Church. Her interests are directed toward badminton and swimming. She has shown an extraordinary capacity for getting along with other people. It is an honor to present Nancy Eakin as the Girl of the Month.

—Coleman Harwell



With great pride, Bob Wood is announced as a Personality of the Month for this closing issue of THE BELL RINGER. For his outstanding achievement as well as for his friendly way with people he has been selected for this acknowledgement.

Bob was treasurer of his eighth grade class at Parmer and came to M.B.A. in the ninth grade. He has been on The BELL RINGER staff for four years and on the annual staff for two years. This year he is Business Manager of The Bell. Bobby has been in the Math Club for two years and in the Senior Honor Society for three years. In his sophomore year, he was an M.B.A. representative to the Math Contest of this district, held at Vanderbilt University. His junior year, Bob was awarded the American History medal. The following summer he attended a school sponsored by the National Science Foundation. Bobby managed J. V. football one year and varsity football for two years. This year he was a member of the newly organized MBA wrestling team. Bobby is this year a member of the Forensics Club. He is chaplain of the Hi-Y Club of which he has been a member for three years. Moreover, Bobby was a finalist in the General Motors National Scholarship test and received a letter of commendation in the M.B.A. test.

Bobby is the treasurer of his youth group at St. George's Episcopal Church. He is also an Eagle Scout. His superior capacity and ardent friendship among students make him a most worthy personality in this year's graduating class.

—Coleman Harwell

and Jobo Ledbetter. As is evident, M.B.A. should have a successful team in the years to come.

Baseball: This is a "building year" for the Maroon baseball team. In the past there has been much consternation over the baseball team—but future opponents beware! Besides the varsity, M.B.A. has a junior varsity team and another one for the junior school. In addition, M.B.A. plans to field an American Legion team this summer. Coach Matlock has great prospects in pitchers John Mazach and in Gordon Smith, an eighth grader. This year's team has several sophomore starters who are great potential for the future.

—Coleman Harwell

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## Summer Plans Announced

	College	Summer Activity
Barry	Rice Institute	loafing as usual
Bradley	Vanderbilt	telephone company
Cafferky	University of Tennessee	
Carmichael	Harvard	railroad yards
Cheek	Duke	repairing radios
Cheyney	Duke	grocery store
Chesterire	Vanderbilt	mounting stuffed animals
Collin	Southwestern University	job in Florida
	Tennessee	growing lessons
Dale	Princeton	summer job
Daniel	Vanderbilt	Wilson Quick
Davis	Vanderbilt	Wilson Quick
Frist	Vanderbilt	girl's camp
Gaines	Vanderbilt	tennis
Glasgow	Dartmouth	karate lessons
Glenn	Missouri School of Mines	summer job
Griffin	Vanderbilt	dynamite truck driver
Hancock	Iowa	summer job
Hardison	Vanderbilt	job in Memphis
Harwell	Yale	summer job
Harwood	Vanderbilt	construction company
Howell	Davidson	professional Indian scout for Custer's cavalry
Hutchison	Vanderbilt	visiting Mexican señoritas
Killiebrew	Davidson	flying U-2 jet
Love	Vanderbilt	bulldozer driver
Marks	Lipscomb	posing for Parliament ads
Mathes	Vanderbilt	professional blood donor
McClelland	Rice Institute	sniper #2
Moss	Vanderbilt	training with 101st Airborne
Murray	U. S. Naval Academy	picking dandelions for florist
Nelson	Davidson	charm school
Palmer	Vanderbilt	Jordonia summer school
Pemberton	Vanderbilt	summer teaching at Cal Tech
Pickel	Auburn	letter betterer for Post Office
Porter	Vanderbilt	professional body builder
Pruher	U. S. Naval Academy	getting out of shape
Roberts	Ole Miss	plebe summer
Robertson	Vanderbilt	railroad yards
Scoville	Southern Methodist University	bank worker
Shriver	Vanderbilt	touring France
Simpson	Davidson	wrestling alligators
Sullivan	University of Tennessee	exploring Canadian Rockies
Therrell	Vanderbilt	fishing with Loftin
Thompson	Vanderbilt	living on unemployment compensation
Wallace	University of the South	Teamster's Union mug
Webb	Vanderbilt	touring the West with Werning
Whitmer	Wabash	lifeguard
Wenning	University of the South	highway construction
White	Vanderbilt	touring the West with Wallace
Witherspoon	Yale	touring Europe
Wood	Princeton	lifeguard
		snowing the women

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